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The Hawaiian Appeal.

Our latest reports from Hawaii confirm the statements of the Commission as to the emergency in the islands and the demand for decisive action. The monarchy had been completely overthrown. The Provisional Government was in complete possession, with the steady support of the better part of the population in the islands. To make sure against any uprising of the worse elements of society, the Provisional Government, through their chairman, Mr. Dole, requested U. S. Minister Stevens to extend the protection of the United States over the islands. In compliance with the request, Mr. Stevens issued a proclamation announcing the extension of United States authority over the islands during the pendency of negotiations for annexation, for the protection of persons and property, "without interfering with the administration of public affairs by the Provisional Government." The act was purely humanitarian and not aggressive. The case against the Queen is strong and decisive. Mr. Colburn's defensive letter admits all the main facts charged by the Commission as justifying the revolution. He admits the Queen's incapacity, fanaticism, acts of tyranny, and subjection to foreign influences unfavorable to the American residents and chief property-holders, making a strong case in justification of the revolutionists. Meantime the negotiations at Washington proceed slowly. The Commission met Secretary Foster on the 4th inst., but was not received by the President until the 11th, indicating a purpose on the part of President Harrison to move with caution and to await full information both from the islands and the American people. The first impulse was favorable to annexation; but more mature consideration develops a sentiment unfavorable to close relations with the crude elements composing a majority of the population of the islands. The bill introduced by Senator Morgan is designed to allow the government to hold any acquired territory in a loose way. The President may appoint a governor, and he, with a legislative council of twenty-five members, whose acts are to be revised by Congress, can control until fuller provisions are made by Congress.

Another Crisis in France.

The Panama Canal scheme was a deep pit into which many citizens of France fell, and in which the Republic came near perishing. Though a private enterprise, the government became fearfully involved through the corrupting influence of the company's money. After the earlier revelations in the Panama trials, it was hoped the chief actors associated with Count de Lesseps in that great undertaking would be found guilty of nothing more than neglect and imprudence in management. Great was the public astonishment, therefore, to hear the sentences of Judge Perrier in the Court of Appeals: Ferdinand de Lesseps, five years' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs; Charles de Lesseps, five years and a fine of 3,000 francs; then came Fontane, two years, Henri Cottu, two years, and Gustave Eiffel, two years' imprisonment and 20,000 francs fine. The sentence of the court was like a thunderbolt sounding through the civilized world. The sentence of Ferdinand de Lesseps sent a pang through every generous heart. The idol of yesterday, the hero of two worlds, whom kings and republics delighted to honor, cast down to the earth, and his good name trampled in the dust! An old man of eighty-eight years, who had honored France and been a benefactor to the world, to die in prison! Severe as it seems, the sentence of the Judge was the expression of inexorable justice. De Lesseps has not only erred in judgment and shown himself weak in moral purpose, he had used his high position and great name to deceive the people and to corrupt the fountains of legislation. Premier Ribot and members of the Chambers, though they have escaped the scrutiny of the court, are involved in the popular indictment; and it will be the good fortune of the Republic if the ghost of Panama does not come up again to trouble it.

Gladstone and the Opposition.

The debate in the House of Commons on the Queen's Speech, for the week, has been continuous and animated. The conservative attack has been direct and often bitter; but in the thickest of the fight the white plume of the great Premier has been conspicuous, giving fresh evidence that his great age has in no way dimmed his vision or dampened his courage. His foreign policy was supposed to differ materially from that of the Earl of Salisbury and the conservatives; and at this vulnerable point the first attack by Balfour was made, only to be foiled by the skill of Gladstone. At least this much is clear from the running debate of the week, that the poli-

cy in Egypt and Uganda will remain for the present essentially what it was under the administration of his predecessor. The Portal Mission indicates no purpose to loose the grasp of England on that choice section of African territory; and, as to Egypt, so far from withdrawing, the purpose is to reinforce, as occasion may require. Of course, the Home Rule bill is the objective point of supreme interest, which is delayed by the debates in the House. Meantime the Premier has secured two votes of confidence by hand-some majorities. J. E. Redmond, the Parnellite member, moved an amendment declaring in favor of the release of the men undergoing imprisonment for treason; the motion was lost 263 to 183. The House also assented to Mr. Gladstone's wish for an early closing of the debate, in order to give place to the Irish bill. The motion of Arnold Foster, Liberal Union, expressing regret at the clerical interference with the elections in Ireland, was lost, 245 to 305.

[Since the above was written, and just as we go to press, announcement is made that Mr. Gladstone, on Monday afternoon, presented the Home Rule bill to Parliament. It is proposed, as in the bill of 1888, to establish a legislative body in Dublin, with special and added safeguards for the preservation of imperial unity. The address was vigorous and impassioned, and made a deep impression in favor of the passage of the bill.]

The Old Colony Railroad.

We have fairly entered the period of large railroad consolidation. The Consolidated Road, including the New York, New Haven & Hartford lines, has made an important advance in capturing the Old Colony system, whose lines extend to New Bedford and Fall River, with branches touching Lowell and Fitchburg by way of Framingham. The Old Colony also holds a long lease of the Boston & Providence Road. The new combinations give the Consolidated Road a clear right of way between New York and Boston as well as the control of all the lines connecting with the steamboat lines to New York. This last consolidation must prove a rival not only to the New York & New England, but to the Boston & Albany, which has the disadvantage of a longer swing by way of Springfield. The move marks the fresh enterprise of the management. The Boston & Providence line is to be, at once, made a four-track road, and the same improvement will be long extended on to New York. The arrangement will prove advantageous to the Old Colony section as well as to that at New Haven, in affording wider control and greater facilities for travel and traffic. In other words, it has not been a "gobbling up" of one corporation by another, but a mutual adjustment of interest for the advantage of all the parties concerned. The saving of expense by single management will be considerable. There have been few consolidations which have proved so satisfactory to the parties on both sides. The Boston parties, as they are to be retained in the service of the road, seem to be well pleased as those at the other end of the route.

Silver in the Ascendant.

During the week the silver men have scored two notable victories in Congress. In the Senate the motion of Senator Hill of New York in favor of the repeal of the Sherman law for the monthly purchase of silver by the government, was lost after brief debate by the decisive vote of 42 to 23 — an adverse majority larger than any one anticipated. In the House the cause of sound money suffered an equally decisive defeat. The motion for the repeal of the Sherman law of 1890 received 143 votes to 152 against it. An analysis of the vote shows that the motion was sustained by 107 Democrats, 35 Republicans, and 10 Populists. Though the motion was subsidiary, it is considered decisive of the whole question, revealing the startling fact that Congress in both branches is deeply affected by the silver craze. These votes end the struggle in this Congress, and those in favor of free coinage may reasonably anticipate a more important victory in the next Congress.

Lynching in Texas.

That the burning affair at Paris has stirred the blood of Gov. Hogg to address a message to the legislature denouncing the practice of securing justice by mob violence is certainly a hopeful sign. He regards mob execution as nothing less than murder. "As a rule the riffraff, lounging, indolent, lawless element of the community inspire and lead on the mob, while the law-abiding, industrious citizen is terrorized by the spectacle." He advises the enactment of severe laws against the practice, punishing the individuals concerned when possible, and, in case they cannot be reached, the imposing of a heavy fine on the county or counties where mobs occur. The legislative remedy is good as far as it goes; but the evil lies deeper in a vicious public sentiment in regard to the sacredness of human life and the authority of the magistrate. Civilization has gained an important point when the people remit the punishment of crime wholly to the legal authorities.

The Public Debt.

For the month of January the receipts of the Treasury were larger by \$35,209,972 than for any other month during two years; and yet the expenditures were so large as to increase the national debt \$3,000,000. The present status of the debt, as given by the New York Times, is as follows: —

"The national debt today, less the cash balance in the treasury, amounts to \$353,537,905, of which \$55,033,660 is interest-bearing debt made up of \$559,669,180 4 per cent and \$25,864,500 2 per cent bonds. In round numbers about \$310,000,000 of

this bonded indebtedness is registered and \$75,000,000 in coupon bonds. Since March 1, 1889, the beginning of the present administration, the bonded indebtedness of the country has decreased \$269,073, there having been about \$138,000,000 4 1-2 and \$121,000,000 4 per cent bonds redeemed and called."

A DAY ON THE SNOW.

PROF. WILLIAM NORTH RICE.

THE following narrative of an Alpine excursion may properly be prefaced by the remark that the two travelers whose experiences are related make no claim to the honor of being mountain-climbers in the Alpine sense. For "mountain-climber" is a term whose meaning varies with the locality. In the White Mountains, a mountain-climber is one who enjoys a long walk on an up-grade, and who willing occasionally to go where the feet need a little assistance from the hands — one who can walk over the peaks of the Presidential Range, or get up to the top of one of the Tripyramid slides. But, in the Alps, no one is accounted a mountain-climber who does not delight in ascending a steep slope of ice when the slightest slip will send him over a precipice of some thousands of feet. But there are excursions which non-climbers can safely undertake, which afford most delightful and instructive views of the snow-region of the Alps. One of the most satisfactory excursions of this sort is the

Ascent of the Breithorn.

Nearly every traveler who visits Zermatt goes to the Gorner Grat. From that point of view he sees the great Gorner Glacier directly below him, and beyond the glacier the range of snow-peaks extending from Monte Rosa on the east to the Breithorn on the west. As he looks upon the Breithorn, with its lofty cliffs capped by a corrie of snow, he perhaps finds it difficult to believe that that seemingly inaccessible peak can be scaled without danger or difficulty by any one who has sufficient endurance for a long and fatiguing walk.

Descending from the Gorner Grat, we take up our quarters for the night at the comfortable hotel on the Riffel Alp. It is arranged that we are to go to the Breithorn on the morrow. Provisions are ordered, and directions given to the porter to call us at two o'clock in the morning. An early start is advisable, so that as much as possible of the journey may be accomplished before the daily melting of the snow is far advanced. And so we compose ourselves for a short sleep, though the vivid memory of the panorama of snow-peaks from the Gorner Grat and the anticipation of the more arduous excursion of the morrow are too exciting to conduce to the most peaceful slumber. At the appointed hour the summons comes. A hasty toilet, and then a breakfast "by early candle-light." About three o'clock we are off. A glorious morning! Moonlight and starlight are so enchantingly beautiful, that it seems as if the sun would be an intruder.

We follow an easy path to the edge of the ravine in which lies the

Gorner Glacier,

and then descend in zigzags the precipitous bank. Before we get fairly upon the glacier, we must climb over an immense mound of broken rock — the lateral moraine. Here and there, along the course of the glacier, the precipitous rocky walls, frost-shattered, tumble their débris upon the ice. What would be detached heaps if the glacier was stationary, are converted by the motion of the glacier into continuous mounds. But the lateral moraines on most of the Alpine glaciers have also another story to tell us, if we can understand their language. The bulk of the lateral moraine is not on the glacier, but beside and above it. These stranded moraines record the shrinkage of the glacier. For the glaciers are subject to irregular fluctuations through long periods of years. Usually snowy winters increase the mass; unusually hot summers accelerate the melting. The former effect is only manifest after the lapse of years, as the snows of the great plateaus work slowly down the valleys; the latter effect shows itself at once. This in part explains the curious phenomenon of the increase in size of some glaciers while others in nearly adjacent valleys are diminishing. In general, the glaciers of the Alps had a maximum development about 1850, and thereafter all of them diminished for a quarter of a century. Within the last few years most of them have begun to increase; but some (and among them the Gorner Glacier) are still diminishing, or at least not recognizingly increasing. These minor fluctuations are, of course, to be distinguished from those greater changes that characterized the Glacial Epoch, when the northern glaciers of the Valais and the southern glaciers of the Oberland coalesced to form a sea of ice whose moraine débris may be found stranded on the slopes of the Jura.

We cross the great lateral moraine, and then the Gorner Glacier itself. Several more moraines we must climb over in crossing the glacier; for the Gorner, like most large glaciers, is formed by the union of many tributaries; and, whenever two glaciers unite, the left lateral moraine of one and the right lateral moraine of the other coalesce to form a medial moraine. One of the medial moraines on the Gorner Glacier is especially copious; and we can trace the origin of most of the blocks to a place where the rock forming the wall of the valley disintegrates with exceptional rapidity. The ice on which we are walking is intersected by some crevasses, but they afford us no difficulty. Some of them we walk around, some we cross with a jump.

Now we leave the main stream of the Gorner Glacier, and for some distance our course leads us up one of the tributaries —

the Lower Théodule Glacier. Then in sharp zigzags up the rocky wall of the Leibchenbretter, and across the narrow ridge to the Upper Théodule Glacier. This is not a tributary of the Gorner. We have crossed the watershed (or shall we say the ice-shed) between the Gorner and another system of glaciers. Here is a little shanty of an inn. It is six o'clock, and the sun is fairly up. We sit down on the rocks to rest and enjoy the view. East of us stretches the vast ice-mass of the Gorner and its tributaries, above which the south tower the mighty peaks of the Monte Rosa range. West of us, beyond the Furge Glacier, rises in savage grandeur the black spire of the Matterhorn — relic, and, to the geological eye, most legible monument, of the cubic miles of rock into which its nearly horizontal stratification once extended, but which have slowly yielded to the incessant battering of the agents of denudation. For the colossal mass of the Alps is only a remnant, which air and water and风 are continually grinding away.

And now we turn our attention to the

Upper Théodule Glacier,

over which we are next to march. Its aspect is strikingly different from that of the Lower Théodule, which we left when we began to climb the rock-wall of the Leibchenbretter. Instead of a surface of ice more or less crevassed, the eye wanders over an unbroken, gently-inclined plane of snow. The origin of glaciers is, of course, in the snow which falls on the higher parts of the mountain mass. That snow, under the influence of pressure and alternate melting and freezing, passes gradually through the intermediate condition of névé into that of ice. The material that mantles the plateaus at the head of the Alpine valleys is, accordingly, névé; while lower down in the valleys is found the ice of the glaciers proper. In leaving the Lower Théodule Glacier and climbing up to the Upper Théodule, we have passed from the ice region to the névé region.

This change in the condition of things requires a change in our mode of procedure. In the ice any crevasses that may exist show themselves, and the traveler can walk around or jump across them. But in the névé there is always a possibility of invisible crevasses — crevasses bridged over by a thin, treacherous snow-crust. Against this danger there is one indispensable precaution. The party must be roped together, and march in single file with intervals of fifteen or twenty feet. Then, if the leader of the party breaks through a crevasse, the others can hold him till he can scramble out. So our line is formed, the two guides respectively in front and rear, and the two travelers between. The rope is tied securely around the waist of each member of the party. We all put on blue or gray goggles, for we are to traverse for hours an unbroken field of snow in the blaze of a September sun. And so, armed and equipped, we begin the march.

The Phenomena of the Glacier

more satisfactorily than in the dim twilight of our morning march. We notice that, wherever stones of not more than a few inches in diameter are scattered over the ice, they have melted their way into it, and lie at the bottom of cavities of greater or less depth. Large rocks, on the contrary, have not been through by the sun's rays, protect the ice immediately beneath them from sharing in the general melting of the glacier surface, and seem to rise on icy pedestals. Some of the stones which have melted their way into the ice are larger than any I have seen in like situation in former visits to the Alps. The difference is doubtless due to the lateness of the season. A stone which in July would protect the ice from melting, might by the middle of September become heated through and melt its way into the ice.

Now we notice everywhere streams of water running over the surface of the ice, showing impressively how rapidly the ice is melting away. Now and then we see where a crevasse has formed across the course of one of these streams. The falling water has worn and melted a cylindrical pit, into which it falls in a sparkling cascade. We can look into some of these moulins, and enjoy the glorious blue of the pure ice within. Sometimes it happens that a new crevasse is formed across the course of the stream, and then the water falling into the new crevasse excavates a new moulin, and the old moulin is left dry.

Most of the streams which now we see flowing over the glacier, were frozen and still in the morning; and the largest of them were much less in volume than now. Nor is it only on the surface of the glacier that the difference between night and day is felt. In greater or less degree the heat penetrates into the mass of the glacier. It does not, indeed, raise its temperature. A mass of ice and water cannot vary appreciably from the temperature of freezing till it is all frozen or all melted. But the heat which penetrates into the glacier makes itself felt in another way. As the heat is transmitted from particle to particle, alternate melting and freezing are taking place throughout the mass. Now here, now there, the force of cohesion is destroyed by the recent snow, that has rendered it necessary to take two guides. Under ordinary conditions one would be sufficient.

We are not, however, the first travelers who have ascended the mountains since the snow-storms. A party went up the preceding day; and, where the soft snow has been pressed down beneath their feet, it has partly frozen. We tread exactly in their footsteps. The measured pace is rather fatiguing, but less so than wading through two feet of soft snow.

Later in the day we have to try the latter alternative, as the noonday heat softens the snow so much that the footstep of our predecessors will no longer support us. Onward then up the Upper Théodule Glacier. At first the slope is very gentle, then it becomes steeper. Now we are up on the great plateau of névé which stretches all around the south and west sides of the Breithorn. We are, in fact, going around our mountain. From the Gorner Grat we see the steep northern cliffs of the Breithorn. We are now working our way up the gentle southwest slope. As we gradually rise to a higher altitude, the rare air joins its effect to the fatigue of the long march. We get out of breath more easily. More frequent rests are in order, and the stimulus of coffee is appealed to now and then to brace nerve and muscle for the work. And now the final tug is just before us. Up from the gentle inclined plane over which we have been toiling for hours, rises steeply the dome which forms the summit of the mountain. When the surface of the névé is hard and smooth, it is sometimes necessary here to cut steps with an ice-axe, in order to gain a secure footing on the steep slope. Our leading guide needs now only to trample the soft wet snow, and the rest of us tread in his footsteps. So, after a long rest and a second breakfast, we move rather doggedly and very slowly up the dome of snow.

Somewhat before eleven o'clock we reach the summit, and throw ourselves down on the snow. No words can paint

The Splendor of the Prospect

which spreads itself around us. Some mountain views astonish and delight the beholder by their panoramic extent; others charm by the grandeur or picturesque beauty of the objects in the foreground. Here both these attractions are combined. The whole Alpine chain from Monte Viso to the Tyrol is in full view; and in the foreground stand those mountain giants which make Zermatt the favorite haunt of those who love the savage grandeur of the Alps. To the northwest the terrible Matterhorn, and further north the cluster of peaks of the Weissmörren is

despite its seeming plasticity, is really in no appreciable degree viscous, it can yield to the strain only by a series of fractures perpendicular to the lines of tension.

As we gaze to the right, we see that, a little below the place where we have traversed the glacier, it shows a sudden and remarkable change. The gentle slope changes to a steeper slope; and the superficial parts of the ice, unable to stretch themselves over the convex curve, are shattered to fragments. The gentle inclined plane of the glacier gives place to a chaotic mass of irregular blocks and pinnacles. In the deep clefts between the huge seracs, the ice shows its wondrous blue — weird, fantastic form and exquisite purity of color uniting to give to the ice-cascade a most fascinating beauty.

But we are homeward bound, and the splendor of the ice-cascade does not long detain us. About four o'clock in the afternoon we are glad to find shelter and rest in the comfortable hotel on the Riffel Alp, from which we started thirteen hours before.

Berlin, Germany.

CHICAGO LETTER.

S. J. N.

THREE events took place at Chicago last week which were of interest to Methodism at large. The first was the meeting of the Cabinet of the Epworth League; the second the annual meeting of the Book Committee; and the third the reception and banquet at the Auditorium tendered by the Chicago Methodist Social Union to the Bishop, the Book Committee, the publishing agents, the official editors, and the members of the Epworth League Cabinet.

The Cabinet of the Epworth League met at the Sherman House, Tuesday afternoon, with Bishop Fitzgerald in the chair. The other members present were: R. Doherty, of New York; W. W. Cooper, of St. Joseph, Mich.; C. E. Piper, of Chicago; Rev. H. C. Jennings, of Owatonna, Minn.; Dr. Berry, of the Epworth Herald; Rev. W. L. Haven, of Boston, was the only member absent. The Cabinet had special business to transact with reference to the coming International Conference, which is to occur at Cleveland in July next. Besides this important matter, action was taken in regard to the relations of the Epworth League to the Book Committee, and the adjustment of these relations received much attention, and consumed much time, of both the Cabinet and the Book Committee.

For the first time in the history of the church,

The Book Committee held its annual meeting in Chicago. The Committee is composed as

Miscellaneous.

SOUTHLAND STUDIES.

I.

REV. FREDERICK BURRILL GRAVES.

OUR good steamer, the "Iroquois," of the Clyde Line, slipped over a smooth sea between the docks in New York and Charleston in just forty-nine hours and fifty minutes. She is a steel ship of 3,000 tons, is lighted by electricity, and has all the modern conveniences required by the exacting passenger at sea. The very feeblest reason for the fame which has become attached to the several lines under the management of the sons of Thomas Clyde, the original founder, is that in one of their steamers Jefferson Davis embarked his Mississippi volunteers for the Mexican War, and in one of them he was transported to Fortress Monroe after his capture by the Federalists in the Civil War.

The coast-trip to Charleston and Jacksonville is very pleasant, even to one who is accustomed to ocean travel. For hours all that could be seen was the vault of the sky and the dim circle of the horizon, with the seemingly tireless gray gulls which followed the steamer's wake. Very infrequently did we meet a ship, and when we did it created as much interest as the circus does to the town-boy; and when land did actually lift itself slowly above the horizon's rim, there was almost as much enthusiasm as among the sailors of Columbus. It was the coast of South Carolina.

Soon through the purple haze we saw very indistinctly the spires of the

City of Charleston,

and as we sailed up the harbor, I caught an odor of the pines, a tree fragrant indigenous to the Palmetto State. On the starboard lay Sullivan's Island, and on the larboard the spot dear, I hope, now to every American heart, North and South—Fort Sumter. As we crawled slowly along towards Charleston, I felt sad as I looked upon the deserted docks. Only a few tramp-ships—that is, ships which will take a cargo of cotton and sell it wherever they can find a market—were at the docks; otherwise the harbor was empty of shipping. This feeling increased as I walked through the city. There seems to be a lack of the thrift and energy which characterize our Northern cities of the same size. Charleston has had a great deal to contend with—war, fire and earthquake. Two out of every four women one meets on the street are dressed in deep black—gloomy reminders of the melancholy days of the past. And it is to be regretted, if it is true, that there is no more enterprise in Charleston than there was previous to the war, and there is a lack of that determination to meet new and altered conditions which distinguishes Savannah and Atlanta. Jetties are now being constructed in the harbor by the national government; and it is singular that the stone for the purpose has to be transported from the interior of the State, a distance of two hundred miles. With an improved harbor it would seem there should be increased commercial prosperity, and there is no apparent reason why Charleston should not be a centre for the manufacture of at least a cheap grade of cotton goods.

There are points of interest in and about Charleston—the Battery, the State Military Academy, the Magnolia Cemetery, Sullivan's Island, and Fort Sumter. Sullivan's Island, which is a summer resort of the people of the State, stretches along the harbor side. It is reached by steamer in a half-hour. Fort Moultrie is the attractive point here, and this is now only an irregular mass of moss-covered brick and mounds of earth. The day I was there a mare and her filly, a mule and a few cattle were lying in the hot sand, and on the rampart of the fort, beside a dirty white flag, was an army sergeant with a long, gray beard and a slouch hat. He is so garrulous that he will tell you "how the battle was fought," and point out with serious mind the military defects of our forefathers. Aside from the small grave of "Oocela, patriot and warrior," back of the fort, he is the only interesting thing to be seen on Sullivan's Island—at this season of the year, at least. Take a field-glass and look at the brown and red walls of Sumter, a mile or so away, with the Stars and Stripes still floating over it—thanks to Major Anderson and his gallant comrades—and you have seen all there is worth seeing there. A fort is only a fort, as a tub is only a tub, and to see either one or the other is rarely entertaining, though it is perhaps inspiring to step upon the soil where heroes have trod.

The Negro, of course, abounds in Charleston; and there are also a large number of Germans. Each has his separate burial-ground near Magnolia Cemetery, where the native white, so to speak, is buried. But before they reach the grave they are more or less loosely intermingled. Over near Rutledge Avenue, which is the chief residential street of the city, the house in which the Negro lives may be close beside the residence of the aristocratic Carolinian. There is no specific Negro quarter in Charleston as there is in Boston. When the Negro became too strong, politically, in Charleston, Berkeley County was created. I wonder how long it would be before terrible fratricidal wars would result, if such political subterfuges were continued, and the Negro was left undiscussed! I met an intelligent white farmer from the interior who was complaining because the politicians compelled him to come down to Mount Pleasant, which has been made the county-seat of Berkeley, and which has no recommendation for such an exalted position, in his judgment, except that it is near Charleston. It was refreshing to

hear this young man talk about sheep, raised both for wool and stock. He said he found the Southdown the best breed, and that, fed on jessamine vines, sweet-gum buds, and green broom sedge, they sheared good wool and made good mutton. I fancied so, too.

It was Sunday morning when we reached the dangerous bar at the mouth of the St. John's River, Florida, and took a pilot aboard. Before long, under easy steam, we were sailing between Mayport and Pilot Town on either side of the entrance of the river. Mayport, seen from a distance, with its tall, red light-house, green trees, and houses, is pretty, especially in the light of the rising sun; but one is soon dispossessed of this opinion as he gets nearer and sees that it is only a wretched fishing village which has fallen in a heap, as it were, on the low, sandy beach. The village church itself stands, heedless of all Scripture, right down on the sand, and is the most substantial building in the village. Going on up the river, we get a sight of New Berlin, a cozy hamlet situated on a bluff, with orange groves and attractive white cottages. On the river bank are a dozen large seine-reels, and otherwise a general air of moderate prosperity. The channel is tortuous as we steam along, frightening the water-turkeys from the buoys as we plough into the yellow water. It is twenty-five miles from Mayport to Jacksonville, so that it is not late when we are fastened beside the "Seminole," another steamer of the Clyde line, which will leave at 1:30 o'clock for New York.

I had scarcely entered

Jacksonville

when I visited the county jail in company with Mr. R. E. Morton, the purser of the "Iroquois," who was conveying the message of a father to a young son who is imprisoned for forgery. I think I never saw a more dismal, dark, and desolate dungeon; such prisons are shamefully disgraceful. "I'll never touch a drop of liquor again, once I get out of here," said this young man, as he put his pale, emaciated face up to the stout iron bars; and yet before we left he begged the purser to bring him some tobacco. Tobacco in prison, I fear, means liquor outside of it.

The city of Jacksonville has considerable activity, though its beauties are not great. The population is here, too, largely Negro. There are twenty-five colored churches here. I visited four of them on Sunday, and in three of them I found the sermons able and spiritual, adapted to the people. The Negroes were very well-dressed; not all the men as elaborately as the one I saw with chocolate-colored trousers and black velvet coat, nor all the women as showily as the young girl with a sateen dress and gay Gainsborough hat. I stood just outside the door of a rude black shed with board windows, within which a Baptist colored preacher was just announcing his text to the few hearers assembled. A bell boomed on a tall pole at one corner of the shed summoned the Negroes from the cabins around it. Speaking of cabins, they are omnipresent, especially in the suburbs of the cities. None are better than an expensive shed in the North, and most of them are very poor. I saw one shingled and clapboarded with scraps of old tin; and this was occupied, not by a Negro, but by two white women.

Right here in Jacksonville are two institutions laboring, amid difficulties, to lift the Negro. The Cookman Institute, superintended by Mr. Darnells, a genial gentleman from the North, has a large number of pupils, with two colored and six white teachers. The term is thirty-one weeks long, and yet the educational fee is but \$2; and weekly board is only \$1.75. Thus the expense for the college year, outside of clothes and books, is only about \$50. Over in La Villa, a section of Jacksonville, is the Boylan Industrial Home, where Miss Emerson, a lady of the best Northern blood, is laboring with a corps of teachers. Here there are twenty-six girls in the family and eighty day-scholars. The expenses to the pupil are about the same as at Cookman Institute. It seems almost incredible, but it is true, that both Mr. Darnells and Miss Emerson are socially ostracized because of their position. Indeed, it is said that if Miss Emerson, who is a cultivated, beautiful woman, should go into Dr. Snyder's church—which is our church—some of the people would leave the pew where she sat, so violent and unreasoning is the prejudice. Bitter words were spoken against Mr. Darnells because he thought it not un-Christian to be seen in a New Year's procession where he was the only white man. And I looked with sad interest at a high board fence which a neighbor of the Boylan Home had erected, that he might neither see his black brother's face nor hear his voice; but I confess I was amused when I saw the same kind of partition wall built up by a wretched and squalid poor white as a safeguard against his black and thrifty neighbor.

I saw another phase of this caste problem when I rowed down the St. John's River that night to Arlington. Here was a neat chapel, and in it were white Northern people mostly, who come here to spend the winter. In front sat a row of aged colored women who did not resent being called "aunt," and a couple of aged men who perhaps felt it an honor to be addressed as "uncle." They were emancipated slaves; but the Negro of this generation, who has no memories of the master and the slave, would not endure any patronizing treatment on the part of the white for an instant.

Indeed, when a gentleman visiting here from the North merely requested a Negro choir to sing some of their famous melodies, they left the church. Kindness, generosity, affection, even, for the Negro is one thing; but condescen-

sion is another—at least the Negro feels so.

I am willing to make affidavit to the beauty of

St. Augustine in January, though I was there after the severest winter for fifty years, and the cold had blighted everything. It might be called the "Yellow City," so prevalent is this color. Of the flora I was not enamored. It is almost forlorn between Mayport and St. Augustine. Pines, with trunks mostly bare, predominate; but occasionally we rush past a tangle of water-oaks, hammocks, magnolias, lobolly bays, etc., with Spanish moss gracefully drooping in gray masses from the tree-boughs. Then comes a clearing, a cabin, plenty of scrub-palmetto, and then perhaps a saw-mill with a group of cabins around it, and haply a store for selling general merchandise. Cattle, diminutive and lean, are browsing on what they can find, and appear not to have strength enough to lift up their heads to watch the engine fly past.

Once in St. Augustine there is enough to engage you interestingly for a few hours. The City Gates and the Fort move one only as ancient memorials of the remote past. Both of these are built of what is known as horn-work—shells of different sizes joined together by a cement which the Spaniards evidently made of the soil. These make a very stout and durable material. The famous Ponce de Leon Hotel is the centre of attraction now, and a wonderful place it is. It covers six acres, its cost is unknown, and its elegance is regarded as equal to the best hotels in the world. I visited the pink bridal suite, which will make life at least luxurious. The prices at the Ponce de Leon range from \$5 per day up. There are other good hotels, and very excellent houses where rooms can be secured at moderate rates for those who desire them. There are several such on St. George Street, which is a quaint and way running to the City Gates. It has a Spanish aspect, strongly in harmony with the traditions of the town. This is increased by an ancient horn-work cabin abutting intrusively on the edge of the street. St. Augustine is great, not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us. For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God." The thought of approaching spring often connects itself in my mind with the future coming of our Lord.

Perhaps we have yielded ourselves, glad captives, to the charm of that little book put out from Harper's last year, "Along New England Roads," by Dr. Prime. This graceful writer has pictured his summer pilgrimages, and told us how to travel New England roads from May to November. Who will bring imagination as suggestive, observation as discriminating, and style as fascinating, to a description of the same roads when the country is "snow-bound"? There is a queer notion floating about in city society that northern New England is a drear and forbidding region when the sun is in the south. Many people visit this region every summer who have never looked upon its winter landscapes, the loveliest of earth. Nature has some of her best things in store for study and pulpit.

Is the snow whiter than it used to be? After looking for a month upon the grimy snow of zero weather in the city and the incomprehensible slush of warmer days, the spotless, dazzling covering of the great meadows gave deeper meaning to the words, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," and made me wonder a bit how the writer of the 51st Psalm could say, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." But then, he never saw a New England meadow in winter!

Just above Windsor was presented to me the most impressive views of the day. The great dim sun was rolling in snow-suggesting clouds beyond Ascutney Mountain. The mountain raised its head out of other clouds, half frost, half vapor, leaving the foot-hills obscured while the summit loomed large in the hazy air. So do a few of the great truths of nature and the Bible emerge out of the haze of earthly mystery and stand forth against the stormy sky of eternity.

Our train left White River Junction shortly before five o'clock, and moved swiftly up the White River valley. I must confess to a solemn delight in watching the nightfall among the mountains. It is ten times better to greet the evening from one's own sleigh, where you can speak your fancies to your own faithful horse, and note by the backward motion of a sensitive ear that the voice, if not the thought, is appreciated; but the spell of the shadow may fall through a car window, especially if the memories of ample opportunities combine with a sympathetic mood. The hills

"Grow larger in the darkness,"—and take on all sorts of shapes and semblances. Some are white from snow to summit, and in their bold majesty remind us of great fortresses of marble. Other tall forms are forest-clad, with leafless groves of oak or maple at the top bristling in the north wind like the scalp-locks of Indian warriors; and here is one farther up the valley cloaked with dark evergreens about the sides, and showing a cleared space on the summit resembling the shining crown of an Anglo-Saxon whose scalp-lock has vanished forever. We cross the Hartford bridge a few minutes after sunset, and recall the fearful plunge of that midnight six years ago, when death claimed so many victims from the wrecked train on the ice below. The hills are becoming mountains as we ascend the valley. Yonder to the right is an opening in the range toward Chelsea. One hundred and twelve years ago a few brave men and women had advanced up the First Branch of the White River, and had made homes for themselves in the wilderness. Their daily bread was pretty coarse, but they were enjoying it with a keener relish than their descendants born to dainty fare, for the axe had made a place for every hill of corn, and they had assisted the history of every loaf from the corn-field to the

table. One October day in 1780 a band of savages burst from the north woods, burned the settlement of Royalton, killed two of the settlers, and carried more than a score of persons into captivity.

All distant scenes are now shut out from our vision. There is barely light enough left to enable us to discern a graveyard below us two or three hundred yards distant, and notice as we rush past that the snow has been shoveled away, the frozen ground broken, a grave made and filled today. Who was it? At what point was life interrupted—at old age, or at the period of strongest service, or in youth? Into which of these wayside cottages did the anguish of bereavement come?

While we are occupied about such questionings night drives the last struggling ray of daylight from the valley. But other lights appear, some in the heavens, and a few in the windows of the farm-houses, where flickers and flashes from the kitchen fire tell of the preparation of the evening meal, and of much comfort in the realm of home. So upon every night of sorrow, after a little time, the lights come out. The keenest agony of loss occasioned by the disaster at Hartford bridge has already passed away. Nobody is any less happy now because of the burning of Royalton in the Revolutionary days. In a few years no one will mourn the death which opened the midwinter grave that we saw in the twilight. For a few hours it is night and winter, but morning and spring are not far off.

What then? "I reckon the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us." After awhile I got a little over my bewilderment and began to single out the men I knew. Away in the far end of the store I could see our Brother Fuzchin, and he had a crowd of young men around him and was telling them something, by the way they laughed, must have been very funny. Dr. G. was behind the counter in earnest confabulation with three men. Young Nose-glasses and May I discovered behind another counter making believe examine books while they gabbled at each other with amazing vivacity. One man with a cap well down towards his heels, seemed to take up a large share of the passage-way in the middle of the room. My friend said:

"He is the youngest presiding elder in the Conference." When I remarked, "I don't see anything very young about him," a preacher besides us with a rather high collar replied: "He was the last one appointed, and is young only in the Pickwickian sense of greenness."

While I was trying to pick out the preachers I knew, I saw you, Mr. Editor, come in through a side door and smile on all around you. I knew you at once, for I heard you preach in Sicker Avenue Church, and liked your sermon too! You didn't tell us something about the Jews, as Bro. Fuzchin often does. But he is young and just graduated, and will probably come down to modern times as he gets older.

I chuckled when I thought how you would read about yourself in this letter. May said you would use the scissors on it, but I told her if you did, you shouldn't have any chicken fricassee on Outlook Street.

Some time after I saw you, I went off by myself to look at the books on the shelves. Two men swung out of the crowd and made a little eddy of gossip by themselves. They went over all the appointments and sagely fixed them up. What an easy time the Bishop will have when he comes to hold the Conference! Afterwards they fell to discussing various other things, and at length got to ZION'S HERALD. Of course they saw I didn't look a bit like a presiding elder; but he is young and just graduated, and will probably come down to modern times as he gets older.

I asked him if he had great difficulty in getting a place to live in, and he said he had.

"I have just returned from England," he said. "It is only when one gets on to the Continent that one feels a sense of being in a foreign country."

My plan to change my service the following evening and come with my people to hear him aroused him as nothing else. He shook his head and said, "No, no; don't give up your services to come and hear me. It will not be pleasing to me. Let everything take the usual course. The older I grow the more I become almost morbidly averse to special services."

"But I wish to hear you myself, and I can pay my services at an earlier hour. Will we be likely to find room in the little church?"

"Oh, yes, I guess there has always been room when I have preached there; but don't give up your services."

"Have you ever heard," asked I, "from any one of your sermons particularly? I ask because one of your sermons has been especially helpful to me."

"No, I haven't heard from any one more than another—only in a general way have I heard from them; but, beloved, tell me about your ministry."

This he said with a winning smile, but with a restlessness and a determination to turn the conversation from himself.

I gave him a brief account of my itinerary.

"You have been about considerably. How long do you stay in North Andover?"

He did not seem to know that we were stationed yearly, and could remain five years.

I determined to keep to my text, and struck in again to tell him how a passage in one of his sermons had helped to cure my timidity in public speaking.

"The real difficulty with timidity is pride; that is at the bottom of it."

I wondered that he did not hesitate to speak to a stranger so plainly. My timidity all those years was pride. What a revelation!

And yet, as I think back, how true!

"What seminary did you graduate from?"

"None. I went directly from college into the ministry."

I called his attention to a recent article in one of the reviews, criticizing him.

"Oh, that is nothing, only a little denominational opposition! It will not amount to anything. How do you like North Andover?"

In replying I referred to the fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church was here twenty years before any other, but the introduction of three others made some of our congregations quite small.

"We must take our eyes off from numbers," he said. "We are to find our joy in preaching to the few."

I rose to go.

"I am glad to have met you, and bid you God-speed in your work. It is a glorious work, isn't it?" added he, with a face full of animation.

"Yes; but I seem to come so soon to the bounds of my own being," said I, thinking of my little self in the presence of this truly great man, and the point he makes in his Yale Lectures that a preacher must first be a young man: —

"223 Clermont St., Boston, Feb. 12, 1884.

MY DEAR Sir:

I thank you for your letter

most sincerely, and am sorry to

have answered it before, but I have been

usually busy.

I venture to send you a copy

of the only volume of mine which has been

published since those of which you speak.

I would like to accept it with many kind regards.

With best wishes I am,

Yours most sincerely,

TEMPERANCE DATA.

A Gravestone Ever With It.

At a railroad station recently an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage car, and said, "Is there anything for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage master rolled out a keg of whiskey. "Anything more?" asked the grocer. "Yes," said the baggage man. "There's a gravestone that goes with that liquor." And before the gravestones, there must necessarily come a dying testimony, similar to that given by Charles IX, who gave order for the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day. He expired, bathed in his own blood, whilst he said, "What blood! What murders! I know not where I am. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost forever, I know it."

*— Exchange.**All That Is Vice.*

All that is vice is found in the saloons; vice of all kinds resorts there, lodges there, stalks there every hour. All crimes and all forms of criminality are harbored there. There you may find the thief, the murderer, the assassin, the anarchist, the plotter against the home. No form of infamy, no sort of vice, can be found that does not frequent the saloon. It breeds all kinds of sin; it is fraught with all forms of iniquities. It hatches out every day a brood of monstrous offences against the home, against the public health, against peace, law, order, morals, and righteousness. Its progeny is fraught with peril to all the interests of society. Profanity, indecency, Sabbath desecration, infidelity, adultery, theft, disease, fraud, assimilation of public order, and scores of other offences are the product of the saloon. It is fertile in evil things, prolific in villainy. — *Christian Register.*

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This committee proceeded to work from Nov. 2 till Dec. 13 with an assiduity perhaps never exceeded in the six years preceding. Some \$2,000 was raised for the campaign, headquarters were opened, experienced paid canvassers examined the whole voting list, the results were compiled by a force of clerks, so that it was known where nearly 6,000 "no" votes could be depended on, the "no" people were notified by circular when and where to vote in each precinct, and urged to do their duty. In one or two wards special appeals were sent out where there was need, and on election day a check list was at nearly every precinct with a mark against every known "no" voter, and workers on hand to check off the voters as they came, to make lists of the "no" men not represented by one o'clock, and to start out men to bring them in. Never was this precinct work done so exhaustively. The committee also organized several important public meetings.

The most effective single act of the committee was perhaps its issue of its annual no-license paper, *Freedom Truth*. This large sheet, finely printed on excellent paper and without advertisements, was sent to every voter in the city. Its name tells its story—the hard, condensed, unemotional facts. It showed a gain in population in the no-license years over the same period under license of 4.4 per cent. as against 2.6; an increase of above \$6,000,000 in valuation over the rate under license; an average gain in savings banks deposits of \$416,000 per year as against \$250,000. — "In other words, over \$600,000 more was put into the banks in 1892 than in 1877 in more than 11,000 more deposits;" a heavy falling off was also shown in arrests, and about ninety per cent. less tramps. "These figures," concluded this effective article, headed "Looking Backward—Cambridge Now and as It Used to Be," "show that no-license promotes quiet in our streets and is bad for the tramp industry." Seventy-one employers of labor, thirty-three doctors and sixty-five clergymen came out over their own names in advocacy of no-license. A map was printed showing the saloons of six years ago in the part of the city most infested with them, but now few from them. The paper tecmed with condensed, pithy matter, rarely put, and brought in attractive form to every voter.

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It may afford a charitable cover for the weakness of a drunkard to ascribe his falling to "heredity," and screen himself by shamming his father; but what shall we say for the dwellers by the Congo and among the glaciers of Greenland, whose forefathers never knew the taste of drink, but who will sell body and soul for a pint of rum? By the way, we note that the Arctic explorer, Nansen, who first crossed Greenland from shore to shore, abolished alcoholic drinks from his food supplies, and now declares that upon future expeditions to the Arctic regions he would banish it from the medicine chest. That is something for people to ponder who fortify themselves with a glass of brandy "to keep out the cold." — *Evergreen.*

Seventh Cambridge No-License Victory.

This committee proceeded to work from Nov. 2 till Dec. 13 with an assiduity perhaps never exceeded in the six years preceding. Some \$2,000 was raised for the campaign, headquarters were opened, experienced paid canvassers examined the whole voting list, the results were compiled by a force of clerks, so that it was known where nearly 6,000 "no" votes could be depended on, the "no" people were notified by circular when and where to vote in each precinct, and urged to do their duty. In one or two wards special appeals were sent out where there was need, and on election day a check list was at nearly every precinct with a mark against every known "no" voter, and workers on hand to check off the voters as they came, to make lists of the "no" men not represented by one o'clock, and to start out men to bring them in. Never was this precinct work done so exhaustively. The committee also organized several important public meetings.

The most effective single act of the committee was perhaps its issue of its annual no-license paper, *Freedom Truth*. This large sheet, finely printed on excellent paper and without advertisements, was sent to every voter in the city. Its name tells its story—the hard, condensed, unemotional facts. It showed a gain in population in the no-license years over the same period under license of 4.4 per cent. as against 2.6; an increase of above \$6,000,000 in valuation over the rate under license; an average gain in savings banks deposits of \$416,000 per year as against \$250,000. — "In other words, over \$600,000 more was put into the banks in 1892 than in 1877 in more than 11,000 more deposits;" a heavy falling off was also shown in arrests, and about ninety per cent. less tramps. "These figures," concluded this effective article, headed "Looking Backward—Cambridge Now and as It Used to Be," "show that no-license promotes quiet in our streets and is bad for the tramp industry." Seventy-one employers of labor, thirty-three doctors and sixty-five clergymen came out over their own names in advocacy of no-license. A map was printed showing the saloons of six years ago in the part of the city most infested with them, but now few from them. The paper tecmed with condensed, pithy matter, rarely put, and brought in attractive form to every voter.

Along with this citizens' work went a vast amount of church work. Prayer-meetings were given to the subject in various churches, special services or neighborhood union services were held from time to time, some churches made it a special feature of their work for about a month, and, in particular, the clergy organized—Protestant and Catholic holding a rousing meeting of their own number to open the campaign, and recommended that all their brethren preach on the subject Dec. 11, and that numerous union services and mass meetings be held. Strong working committees were appointed from their number to carry out their more important recommendations. — *Rev. D. N. Beach, D. D., in Congregationalist.*

Our Book Table.

APOLOGETICS. By Alexander Bainbridge Bruce, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.50.

We have not for a long time taken a book in hand that is more stimulating to faith. Dr. Bruce belongs to the advance column of critics, and is one of the ablest among them, as his previous works, as well as this one, conclusively prove. He is both conservative and progressive, and has written this volume in order to help those whose faith may have been weakened by the bitter and remorseless attacks that have been made, in recent years, upon Christianity. "The aim" [of Apologetics], he says in the Introduction, "naturally determines the method. The aim is to secure for Christianity a fair hearing with conscious or implicit believers whose faith is stifled or weakened by anti-Christian prejudices of varied nature and

origin. The purpose of apologetics, as thus conceived, is not so much scientific as practical. It is not designed to give theoretical instruction in a branch of theological knowledge, but rather to serve the purpose of a moral discipline by dispossessing ingenuous, truth-loving minds of opinions which tend to make faith difficult, presenting Christianity under aspects which they had not previously contemplated, suggesting explanations of difficulties which they had not before thought of, and so making it possible for them to be Christians with their whole mind and heart." — "Anything more?" asked the grocer.

"Yes," said the baggage man. "There's a

gravestone that goes with that liquor."

And before the graves, there must necessarily come a dying testimony, similar to that given by Charles IX, who gave order for the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day. He expired,

bathed in his own blood, whilst he said,

"What blood! What murders! I know not where I am. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost forever, I know it."

— Exchange.

All That Is Vice.

All that is vice is found in the saloons; vice of all kinds resorts there, lodges there, stalks there every hour. All crimes and all forms of criminality are harbored there. There you may find the thief, the murderer, the assassin, the anarchist, the plotter against the home. No form of infamy, no sort of vice, can be found that does not frequent the saloon. It breeds all kinds of sin; it is fraught with all forms of iniquities. It hatches out every day a brood of monstrous offences against the home, against the public health, against peace, law, order, morals, and righteousness. Its progeny is fraught with peril to all the interests of society. Profanity, indecency, Sabbath desecration, infidelity, adultery, theft, disease, fraud, assimilation of public order, and scores of other offences are the product of the saloon. It is fertile in evil things, prolific in villainy. — *Christian Register.*

All That Is Vice.

— Exchange.

All That Is Vice.

— Exchange.</i

still tolerate a difference of opinion upon minor points, so long as all are agreed upon the main point of opposition to the common enemy. "The cause of God and the corrupt political system can never be carried to triumphant success with the enemies of the saloon struggling in a dozen different warring camps. Now, while good men are pulling out after new and alien sects, it is our opportunity to unite these scattered, yet similar, aspiring elements into an army of tremendous power. Why not begin the experiment at once?"

Mr. John A. Duns, of Gardner, contributes \$25 towards the Boston Deaconess Hospital.

The February issue of the *Deaconess Home Journal* is made an Epworth League number, bright and interesting and helpful. The Journal is only 15 cents a year. Become a subscriber, and put yourself in touch with our deaconess work.

We have carefully examined, and therefore recommend to the ministry, the series of pamphlet publications entitled, "Studies in St. Paul's Epistles," which are issued monthly by the Iliff School of Theology of Denver University. Bishop Warren edits the series, and says in the announcement:

"It is expected that they will be used mostly by preachers whose great business is to become great enough to know the mind of God and reveal it to men. It is hoped that the life and doctrine of the Apostle to us Gentiles will be an enlargement and inspiration. Through them the people will be blessed."

It was our privilege recently to worship with the Methodist Church at Auburndale. Sodden have we attended a richer and more helpful service. The congregation was large. The pastor, Rev. T. W. Bishop, is very happy and impressive in reading the Scriptures and in all the preliminary devotions. The sermon was strong, practical and convincing, and the music unusually attractive and inspiring. Prof. J. Walter Davis, director of music at the Seminary, is the chorister. He organised the Amphilion Male Quartet, of which he is a member, and also the instructor. The other three members are Mr. W. H. Rose, first tenor; Mr. G. E. Warrington, formerly member of the Chorus of the Advent choir, Boston, second tenor; and Mr. H. L. Durin, second bass. Mrs. Frank Estebrook, daughter of the late Dr. Elben Tourjies, was organist till recently, when she resigned on account of ill health.

We have often said that no part of our editorial experience is more unpleasant, and indeed painful, than the inability to find place promptly, if ever, for the large number of voluntary contributions that come to our table. And yet we very much doubt if our readers are able to apprehend the literal truth of this declaration. Dr. Ross, of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, comforts us with this plaintive wail concerning his own experience in the same line:

"At our elbow, as we write, there lies a stack of MSS. big enough to fill a half bushel. We have read them all, and given them to printer. Some of them have been accepted and paid for. We fully expected to publish them every one. But the probabilities are now that they will never see the light. With only a limited space at our disposal, it is a physical impossibility to fit the readers of the *Advocate*. In making selections out of a large mass it is quite possible that we take some things that would be better left out, and leave out some that ought to be included, but all we try to do what we conceive to be right, and we do bear the displeasure of those of our friends who think that we ought to be wiser than we are."

Among the many excellent articles in the February number of the *Sunday-School Journal* the most significant and striking is that on "The Literature of the Restoration," by Prof. H. G. Mitchell, of Boston. That the teachers of our church are to have thus an opportunity to get a glimpse at what modern scholarship declares with reference to the composition of the Old Testament, we regard as every day fitting. The revelations and suggestions, so far out of line with the current traditionalism, will no doubt be new to most of them, and perhaps startling to some. But we are glad the Professor had the courage to write, and the editor to publish, what we here find. Let us have the truth at all costs, no matter how many previous notions are blown to the winds. Matters of this kind, affecting the date and authorship of the books of the Bible, are things with which ignorant prejudice and concealed bigotry have no business to meddle. It is a question for calm criticism and the careful weighing of literary evidence. There is not the slightest occasion for excitement or vituperation over any of these things. The foundations of the faith are not in peril, and no harm will be done if we have to revise a good many of the crude notions of our boyhood, derived from the imperfect scholarship of other days.

A Library for Lucknow College.

REV. E. W. PARKER, D. D.

While in America a dear friend in Vermont, Rev. W. D. Malcom, who had spent some time through many years in selecting a choice library of standard works, called me to his home and asked me to select from his very large collection all the books adapted to our college and theological school in India. I gave two hard days' work to selecting 700 volumes, which made up the choicest collection for a college I have ever seen together.

We are often gratified that we did not sail on the "Roumania," as we had thought of doing; but this choice selection of books was on that ill-fated ship. They are lost. By an accident they were not insured. The loss is very great to us, as we needed very much such a library, open to all the missionaries in Northern India. We are very sorry, also, for our friend, who had spent so much precious time and money in selecting such a library.

I write this now to ask if any reader would like to aid in making up this great loss. Some, I am sure, would desire to send in a check to aid in this. I am sure that Zion's HERALD will gladly aid us by receiving such sums, or they can be sent direct to Dr. Peck at the Mission Rooms, 150 Fifth Ave., New York.

Caleb was born fully." He started out, and was absolutely deaf, but was faithful, he would not let his conditions in him be known, and he was always. We want him in the family. Everywhere. His seasons. His voice gives him. He is always.

Such a man good enterprises, and more Caleb's.

The Prohibition campaigns should, now commence, and the results of these upon this and, yet outside the world, could be men of those who are voices against all systems, can

The Late Phillips Brooks.

The phenomenal uprising of the whole English-speaking world to do honor to the memory of the late Phillips Brooks, suggests a thought or two to which I do not remember as yet to have seen attention called:

1. What a monumental rebuke we have here of the petty claim put forth in certain quarters that, in proportion as one preaches an undiluted gospel he must expect to be persecuted—to have all manner of evil said against him. After this universal and enthusiastic honor accorded to this confessedly greatest evangelical preacher of his day, let us have and hear no more of this folly. A pure gospel evidently can be preached so as to win the hearty favor and approval of all classes.

2. Is it at all probable that, whatever his opinions or "enthusiasms of humanity," any pronounced unbeliever—infidel, skeptic, rationalist, Theodore Parker, for example—could, in his death, have so profoundly and widely touched and stirred the sympathies of all classes of our people as has Phillips Brooks? Is there not something significant—something startlingly suggestive—in the thought that only the believers yields unchallenged the sceptre of empire over human hearts, that only the person embarrassing with him the principle of faith in a divine Christ, as well as an enthusiastic love for lost or down-trodden men, can ever arouse the masses of our people to the heartiest, adoring admiration and love?

R. H. HOWARD.

The Conferences.

[See also Page 7.]

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Boston District.

Boston Preachers' Meeting. — Rev. Dr. Sherman read an able and suggestive paper on "Making the Appointments."

Boston, Tremont St. — Rev. W. W. Bassett, D. D., the pastor, preached the annual sermon before the Boston W. C. T. U. last Sunday evening, a large and appreciative congregation being present.

Baker Memorial, Dorchester. — There was a pleasant gathering at the parsonage of this church, Thursday evening, Feb. 9, when members and friends greatly surprised the pastor, Rev. C. H. Talmage, and his wife. A fine literary entertainment was provided, and a generous purse of money, with other gifts, was presented to the pastor by Bro. Charles R. Fuller, to which the pastor fittingly responded. A bountiful repast was served.

St. John's, South Boston. — Rev. Willard F. Perrin, pastor. Sunday, Feb. 5, was a day of special interest at this church. At the morning service 47 were received into the church, of whom 42 were new converts, young Christians, most of them from the Sunday-school. Five were received by letter, and 20 were baptized, after which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of communicants. In the evening Chaplain McCabe preached a stirring sermon, and the missionary collection was taken. In general the church is in a most prosperous and gratifying state. The Sunday-school and Epworth Leagues are doing particularly good work. At the fourth quarterly conference the pastor was unanimously requested, by a rising vote, to return for another year.

South Boston, City Point. — Rev. J. H. Weber, who has just closed a successful revival meeting at the Mt. Bellington Church, Chelsea, will open a three weeks' meeting at the City Point Church, Wednesday evening, Feb. 15. Meetings each evening except Saturday.

North Boston District. — *Marlboro.* — Feb. 12 was missionary day. The address was delivered by Miss Clara Gusman, and over \$160 were raised, being \$40 above apportionment. Twenty-five two-cent-a-week pledges were also obtained for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Rev. A. M. Ogdon, pastor.

Lynn District.

Malden, Centre Church. — The present Conference has been one of signal prosperity with the church. Rev. J. M. Leonard, who was appointed to the pastorate last April, has abundantly proved himself the right man for the right place. Every interest has been cared for; all financial deficiencies have been met; and future prospects are the brightest. On the first Sunday of February, 34 were received on probation—the outcome of special meetings held during January, conducted by the pastor without outside assistance. Many of these were heads of families. Dr. Leonard will be in the immediate future an assistant, which will enable him to more fully develop a promising work in what is known as the Oak Grove district. Methodism in Malden is both progressive and aggressive, and there will probably be not less than seven appointments in the forthcoming list. It is doubtful if any New England city will make a like showing.

East Boston Bethel. — At the fourth quarterly conference held last week, the pastor, Dr. L. B. Bates, was unanimously invited to return for the sixteenth year. During the month of January the Bethel Sabbath-school averaged 595. On the first Sabbath of February, 12 were received into the church and 6 were baptized.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

Providence District.

Providence Preachers' Meeting. — On Feb. 6, the monthly sermon was preached by Rev. H. A. Ridgeway, of Hill's Grove, who took for his text Eph. 1: 15-19. His theme was, "Some Things We Need as Christians." The discourse was much enjoyed by the brethren.

Newport, Thomas St. — The pastor, Rev. E. H. Cody, reports that an altar has been built in their commodious chapel. He is getting ready to hold extra services. The church members have pledged themselves to sustain these meetings. Since Christmas the official members by themselves have been holding before the Sunday evening preaching services a half hour prayer-meeting which has been well attended by the brethren.

Pawtucket, First Church. — Sunday, Feb. 6, was an encouraging day for all of the church at Pawtucket. At First Church Rev. P. M. Vinton baptised 11 and received 14 on probation. In the evening there were three additional seekers. Some thirty more of the recent converts are expected to be received on probation in the near future. The new church project is in a very hopeful condition. Subscriptions approaching \$11,000 have been received. In addition, there has been a recent bequest to the church which will materially increase the fund.

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The Family.

IN THINE OWN HEART.

Though a thousand times
I've wished to be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.
The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make this whole.

Whate'er thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must;
God's will is His command.
Dust, if thou loves dust.
Go out; God will go in,
Die thou and let Him live,
Be not, and He will be,
Wait, and He'll all things give.

To bring thee to thy God
Love takes the shortest route;
The way which knowledge leads
Is through the heart alone.
Drive out from thee the world,
And then like God thou'll be,
A heaven within thyself
In calm serenity.

Let but thy heart, O man,
Become a valley low,
And God shall rain on it,
Till it will overflow.
Oh, when I see the corn works
All spring till it is fit,
And then, my soul, will still
On thine old earth abide!

Man, if the time on earth
Should seem too long for thee,
Turn thou to God and live,
Time-free, sternly.

— *Angela Silesius* (1824).

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Perhaps we do not know how much of God
Was walking with us.

Surely not forlorn
Are men, when such great overflow of heaven
Brings down the light of the eternal morn
Into the earth's deep shadows, where they plod.
The slaves of sorrow.

Something of divine
Was in his nature, open to the source
Of love, that master of primeval force,
As the sun, the first great sign,
To the early and the later rain the sod
Lies bare, and drinking in by morn and even
The precious dew that lift it into flower
Disseminated again in fragrance every hour.

I think if Jesus, whom he loved as Lord,
Were here again, in such guise might He go,
So bind all creeds as with a golden cord,
So with the saint speak, with the sinner so.
And then remembering all the torrent's rush
Of praise and blessing o'er the listening chasm,
Remembering the lightning of the glance,
Henceforth the life's contentment,
With the heart's desire, I know that it were,
With the Holy Spirit shining through the clay,
Prophet—ye, I say unto you, and more
Than a prophet was with us but yesterday!
— *HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD*, in *Congregationalist*.

FOLDED HANDS.

Poor, tired hands that toiled so hard for me,
At rest before me now I see them lying;
They toiled so hard, and yet we could not see
That she was dying.

Poor, rough, red hands that drudged the livelong
day;
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning;
Off toiling on until she saw the gray
Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired hands,
And feel the warm life-blood within them beat-
ing,
And pass with her across the twilight lands,
Some whispered words repeating.

I think tonight that I would love her so,
And then I'd say, "I love her so truly,
That's when I'm so tired, she would not wish to go
And leave me thus neddy."

Poor, tired heart that had so weary grown,
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping.
How still it is to sit here all alone,
While she's sleeping.

Poor, patient heart that deemed the heavy care
Of life too much, should toll its highest toll;
That laid aside its precious yearning there
Along with beauty.

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still and cold!
Ow—sorrelly and drearily she's sleeping!)

The pale thread of rest about them told,

A—she weeps.

— *LIBERTY EIGLOW PAINES*, in *Wetherington's Magazine*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

The fire that every home consumes,
Mother the innos soul entombs
Or evermore the face flumes.

— *E. C. Stedman*.

Some people can give their lives for a love,
And that does not mean always the mere
easy thing of dying. It means facing a fact.
At best with a strong hand always
held down upon something that would spring
and palpitate into an agony if it were let go.
— *Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney*.

* * *

It is the debilitated folk who catch all the fevers that are going, and a physician can do little for a patient who has not vitality enough to slough off the disease. An immense proportion of all our church members are in the hospitals, or off on furlough, or too feeble to carry a weapon. Their disease is a low vitality, and some are dying of "heart-failure." The only recovery of all those pitiable invalids must come from the tonic which Jesus Christ gives when He gives His quickening Spirit. This is not only no such thing as a general devotion for Church or for a church, except by a *living apostle* of Christ in their souls, and a *living apostle* for Christ in their daily conduct. Listen, oh, ye invalids and impotent folk and idlers, to this trumpet-call of the Master: "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye may have it more abundantly!" — *THEODORE CUTLER*, D. D., in *Stirring the Eagle's Nest*.

* * *

"As once toward my face was set,
I came unto a place where two ways met;
One led to Paradise, and one away;
And, fearing my self, lest I should stray,
I did pass on the right, and left the way.
Which was the way wherein I ought to go.
The first was one my weary eyes to please,
Winding along through pleasant fields of ease,
Beneath the shadows of fair branching trees.
This path to me was solitude
Surely, I went leaden heaven! I cried,
In joyous mood.

* * *

The footpath of the world's too busy street,
Lying amid the haunts of human strife,
But at that moment I turned aside
A footprint bearing trace of having bled,
And knew it for the Christ's, so bowed my head,
And followed where He led."

* * *

You may remember the story of the blowing up of the rocks that were in the channel called Hell Gate, in the East River, that separates Long Island Sound from the ocean. General Newton worked for years and years until at last he had the cavern made and stored with explosives, and the line, the magic wire, ran from the explosive to the bank. Then, sitting upon the bank, he called to him his daughter, a little child, a year old, and taking her upon his lap he told her to push that magic button. The little girl put forth her hand and pressed upon the button at her father's word, and instantly there came the mighty sound, the upheaval of the earth, and rocks and water, and the channel was partially free. Helplessness itself was that little maiden, but power itself was the father on whose knee she rested. O child of utter weakness, if thou wouldst but place thyself within the Father's love, the Father's thought, the Father's plan, then indeed would the Father's power flow through

thy weakness until thou shouldst rend the rocks of pride and prejudice and passion; and even the gates of hell shouldst not prevail against thee. — *B. Fay Mills*.

* * *

Jesus Christ calls you to happiness, not through self-indulgence, but through self-sacrifice. The cross that He bears He bids you bear; the suffering He took for love's sake He lays on you, or asks you rather to lay upon yourself. There is higher happiness than indulgence of self; it is sacrifice of self for the sake of love. Is there any happiness in this world of ours like the delicious happiness of a mother? Is there any sorrow in this world of ours like the exquisite sorrow of a mother? In this strange symphony of our human life the minor and the major key are twined together, and life passes from the one to the other with transition so rapid as to be bewildering. Did you ever think that the highest expression of joy is a tear, and the highest expression of sorrow is a tear? — *Lyon Abbott*, D. D.

* * *

If his dark nights are as bright as the world's days, what shall his day be? If even his starlight is more splendid than the sun, what must his sunlight be? If he can praise the Lord in the fires, how will he extol Him before the eternal throne? If it will be good to him now, what will the overflowing goodness of God be to him then? Oh, blessed "afterward!" Who would not be a Christian? Who would not bear the present cross for the crown which cometh afterwards? But here is work for patience, for the rest is not for today, nor the triumph for the present, but "afterward." Wait, O soul, and let patience have her perfect work! — *Spurgeon*.

* * *

There is no time to stop and prepare for that journey [of death], even if we could. God demands the last day's labor as well as the first. He seems to say: "Never mind death. I will take care of that. It is to you to take care of life. Just in the right time, when the world will be laid low, the world will whisper to you, 'Our own. We must leave the sewing undone, the house untold, the plough in the furrow, the story untold, the picture unfinished, the song unsung. We may not, perchance, even kiss our loved ones good-by.' But let us strive to live that we may say: 'Yea, Lord, I am ready, always ready; for I need no money or luggage on this journey. My hand is in Thine, like a trusting child. I am glad to be nearer to Thee, Father, to feel more closely the warmth of Thy breast. What I have missed and failed in Thou knowest; my poor, feeble, failing efforts to serve Thee. Thou knowest also. There is no pain nor stay but in perfect trust. It is now all the cloak or covering I need. I have lived on the river's brink all my life; now I am to cross with the Great Pilot. I thought I knew life here. Oh, no! it was an illusion. Now I am to live, indeed." — *Christian Register*.

* * *

The Bible nowhere promises us exemption from trials. It does not assure us that we shall not go into the furnace, nor into the deep waters; but it does promise that the fire shall not consume us and the waters shall not overflow us. In the midst of the trial it shall still be well with us. By our side in the furnace there shall be One who is like the Son of God, and we shall come out without even the smell of fire on our garments. It is not said that Christians shall not have extraneous trials. Christianity develops manhood; it vastly enlarges the sphere of life. It gives a broader surface across which the winds of adversity may sweep. It gives greater possibilities of enjoyment, and makes greater materials certain. A Christian man is higher, and deeper, and broader than other men are. He is more fully developed in all his capacities both for joy and sorrow. Christ suffered unspeakably more than any other man who ever lived could suffer. He had in Himself all the nobleness of man and all the gentleness of woman; He had vaster capacities of suffering than other men possess. Stoical indifference to pain is an evidence of a coarse and brutal nature. To feel, and yet to do, and care, is to be truly noble. — *R. S. MACARTHUR*, D. D., in *Divine Baldwinates*.

* * *

HOW HETTY KEPT WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

NATHARINE LENTZ STEVENSON.

The Bible nowhere promises us exemption from trials. It does not assure us that we shall not go into the furnace, nor into the deep waters; but it does promise that the fire shall not consume us and the waters shall not overflow us. In the midst of the trial it shall still be well with us. By our side in the furnace there shall be One who is like the Son of God, and we shall come out without even the smell of fire on our garments. It is not said that Christians shall not have extraneous trials. Christianity develops manhood; it vastly enlarges the sphere of life. It gives a broader surface across which the winds of adversity may sweep. It gives greater possibilities of enjoyment, and makes greater materials certain. A Christian man is higher, and deeper, and broader than other men are. He is more fully developed in all his capacities both for joy and sorrow. Christ suffered unspeakably more than any other man who ever lived could suffer. He had in Himself all the nobleness of man and all the gentleness of woman; He had vaster capacities of suffering than other men possess. Stoical indifference to pain is an evidence of a coarse and brutal nature. To feel, and yet to do, and care, is to be truly noble. — *R. S. MACARTHUR*, D. D., in *Divine Baldwinates*.

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IT TELL you, mother, it's all nonsense; I can go just as well as not," and Hetty Spaulding's brown curl kept time with the vigorous stamp of her foot in a most emphatic affirmation.

"I can't, somehow, seem to make up my mind to it, dear," said the mother, anxiously.

"I don't want you to miss your sleigh-ride;" and, after a slight pause, "I may be foolish, but I can't feel safe about leaving you two here alone. If Mandy or Hiram were here, it would be different."

"There, I've found you out, Motherums," said Hetty, triumphantly. "I knew all the time that was your true reason. As to the sleigh-ride, I can go any time; and as to leaving us alone, we'll be as safe as if a whole regiment were here. What protection would you be against tramps or burglars, you modern Amazon?" and the gay girl picked up the little mother in her strong young arms, and set her down in the middle of the bright, chintz-covered settle which adorned the Spaulding kitchen.

"We've come to drag you off by main force, you obdurate girl!" greeted her ears as she opened the door. "How could you be so cruel? You know we shall have no fun without you."

"Do come, Hetty; we'll take Ted too," chorused a dozen. Unluckily Ted heard this last statement, and appeared at the door, eying turned an apprehensive glance towards the chimney corner, where lounged a tall, ungainly boy, apparently about sixteen, who seemed to have no interest in the talk going on about him.

"Now, mother, if you're going into sposens, I can't follow you at all. We might sposen's a good many things between now and tomorrow noon; sposen's the moon should take a tumble, earthward, it would be an awful catastrophe, but she's not in the least likely to do it even if we sit up all night watching out. You know Ted had not a bad spell for almost five years; and it is all likely that he'll choose this night of all others for an impromptu effort? I'll pop corn and make molasses candy, and keep him as beaming as Aurora till bedtime, won't I, Bud? Shan't you like to stay alone with sister?"

The boy thus appealed to turned his head in their direction, nodding with childish glee. It was easy then to find the mother's cause for anxiety; no soul looked out of the dim, lack-luster eyes; the smile was the meaningless grin of an idiot.

"A bright boy as ever lived till he was three years old," so Mother Spaulding was wont to tell all strangers. Their brain fever had held his life in the balance for many weary weeks, and when he at last came back, it was only to have his friends cover that he would much better have died.

But that was thirteen years ago, and time had graciously softened their sorrow. It was chiefly when they saw other sons with their

parents that they realized keenly their loss; and even then the idolatrous love which they lavished upon Hetty seemed almost to fill the void in their hearts.

"She's son and daughter both," Deacon Spaulding would say. Not that they had no love for poor Ted; only those who have passed the sad experience know how large a place an idiot child can fill in a home. During the first years he had been a source of constant anxiety because of the frequency of what they had come to call his "bad spells;" times when he seemed to be possessed of a malicious demon, and kept them constantly on the torture rack lest he should commit some atrocious act. But, as Hetty had said, it was years since he had had such a spell; father and she had well-nigh forgotten that he had ever had them; only the mother-heart was continually on the alert, watching for possible symptoms.

"I don't know, Hetty," she said, as the girl turned to her triumphantly after her appeal to Ted; "I haven't seen him so mad in years as he was with you yesterday over that sled rope; and you know how sly he used to be about his revenges."

"Well, mother, what's the decision? Are you going?" and Father Spaulding's handsome face appeared at the kitchen door. "Because if you are, you must hustle around lively. It's getting stinging cold. 'Old Prob' prophesies a cold wave; and, what is much more to the purpose, old Eliza has just gone by, and he says it will be the coldest night of the season. I never knew him to fall in a prophecy yet, and we mustn't be after sunset on the road."

"Of course she's going," said Hetty, eagerly. "Father, say that she must. Why, just think of her staying away from Grandma's golden wedding because she's afraid to leave Ted and me alone in the house! The idea of the thing!"

They had followed a laughing discussion between the mother on one side, the father and Hetty on the other. The little woman had at last acknowledged herself overpowered by sheer force of numbers, and found herself, almost before she knew it, tucked into the sleigh, in a wealth of buffalo robes, with soapstones and hot-water bottles at every convenient angle, and so muffled up that she could hardly nod her appreciation of the brilliant pirouette Hetty was executing on the back porch.

"The dear Motherums!" said the girl, as she turned away with moistened eyes. "She doesn't know how I want the sleigh-ride, and what's more, she shan't, either. Pity if you can't give up something for her once in a while, Hetty Spaulding! You selfish thing—I'm ashamed of you!"

The Bible nowhere promises us exemption from trials. It does not assure us that we shall not go into the furnace, nor into the deep waters; but it does promise that the fire shall not consume us and the waters shall not overflow us. In the midst of the trial it shall still be well with us. By our side in the furnace there shall be One who is like the Son of God, and we shall come out without even the smell of fire on our garments. It is not said that Christians shall not have extraneous trials. Christianity develops manhood; it vastly enlarges the sphere of life. It gives a broader surface across which the winds of adversity may sweep. It gives greater possibilities of enjoyment, and makes greater materials certain. A Christian man is higher, and deeper, and broader than other men are. He is more fully developed in all his capacities both for joy and sorrow. Christ suffered unspeakably more than any other man who ever lived could suffer. He had in Himself all the nobleness of man and all the gentleness of woman; He had vaster capacities of suffering than other men possess. Stoical indifference to pain is an evidence of a coarse and brutal nature. To feel, and yet to do, and care, is to be truly noble. — *R. S. MACARTHUR*, D. D., in *Divine Baldwinates*.

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ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Ellen Rankin Copp, a Chicago woman, is the maker of the lifelike marble busts of Mrs. Potter Palmer, which is to occupy a conspicuous position in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair.

The students at the Woman's College, Baltimore, Md., recently appeared for the first time in cap and gown. Several hundred girls marched into the chapel in flowing robes and mortar-boards of slate black.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, of London, has formed a "No Crinoline League." It already numbers 8,000 women who pledge themselves not to wear hoop-skirts, even if these return to fashion.

Mrs. M. A. Dorchester, special agent for the Indian School Service, in her annual report refers to improvements in the school buildings in reference to comfort, safety, healthfulness and general respectability. She says that there has been a great improvement in the variety and quality of food furnished; the table service is more attractive, and there is a marked change for the better in the moral and social atmosphere of the schools.

Miss Anna Gordon is speaking in connection with the meetings of Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard in England, and is working up the Children's Fountain, which is to be most beautiful. Mrs. Wade, the sculptor, who has recently executed by order of the Canadian Government a magnificent statue of Sir John Macdonald, has accepted the commission, which will be most unique as to plan, and entirely Miss Gordon's own idea—a little girl offering a cup of cold water to the multitude—and

not to them only, for the "overflow" falls into a trough for the benefit of horses and dogs. This fountain is to be exhibited in the Woman's Department of the Columbian Exposition, and afterwards to be erected on the corner beside the Children's Temple at the gift of children to the city that invited the Exposition. Each child who gives ten cents and sends his or her name to the Total Abstinence Pledge, will be represented by his or her signature and money in this beautiful memorial which is carried out by the Juvenile Department of the World's Fair and National W. C. T. U. The money for the Fountain goes to Miss Gordon's address at Evanston, Ill. Miss Gordon will return in a few months to this country and superintend its erection at the World's Fair. Mr. Wade is a London sculptor of rising fame, and has just finished the bust of the Duke of Clarence for the Prince of Wales. He has also made the best bust extant of Padreawski.

to the singing of birds, the droning of the bees, and a delicious warmth and light seemed all about her. Surely she might sit down a moment on that mossy bank! What had she been afraid of? There was no danger here. She was just losing consciousness, on that bare attic floor; when

The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON IX.
Sunday, February 26.
Neh. 8: 1-12.
REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. M.

READING THE LAW.

L. The Lesson Introduced.

1 GOLDEN TEXT: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law" (Psalms 119: 18).

2 DATE E. C. 44.

3 PLACE: JERUSALEM.

4 CONNECTION: Within two months after Nehemiah's arrival in Jerusalem, the walls were completed and the gates hung. Sanballat and the other "adversaries" tried in vain to impede or thwart the work. They attempted to allure Nehemiah away from the city for a pretended conference; and, failing in this, sent him a letter charging him with treasonable practices. They hired persons to work on his fears, and prophets and prophetesses to warn him of the danger of assassination, and induce him, if possible, to shut himself up in the Temple. To all these charges and plots Nehemiah indignantly protested his innocence, stoutly refused to submit for his personal safety, and appealed to God for strength and protection. "My God, strengthen me, for I know that many of them are gathered against me to afflict me." Many of the Israelites who had been scattered were recalled. The work of re-building was completed after six or seven days of toil; and the heathen were much cast down in their own eyes, for they perceived that this work was wrought of God. The ears of the city were turned to Hanani—Nehemiah's kinsman—and to Hananiah, the ruler of the palace. A watch was set by night and the gates were kept barred in the morning until after sunrise. The register of genealogies was then carefully scrutinized and completed; and, says Dr. Smith, "now for the first time since the decree of Cyrus for their return, they could meet to worship under the protection of their ramparts, with their new liberties, nay, their very existence as a nation, no longer at the mercy of their inveterate enemies."

5 HOME READINGS: Monday—Neh. 8: 1-12. Tuesday—Neh. 8: 13-18. Wednesday—Ex. 12: 1-17. Thursday—Matt. 2: 17-23. Friday—Psa. 19: 7-14. Saturday—D. ut. 11: 13-21. Sunday—Psa. 119: 1-16.

H. The Lesson Paraphrased.

Ezra now appears on the scene. Thus far unmentioned in the Book of Nehemiah, having no recorded part in the exciting crisis through which the nation had just passed, he emerges suddenly from an unexplained obscurity of twelve years, as the founder of a new system of religious teaching. He appears with the title and functions of scribe. Doubtless the office had an earlier beginning, but "in Ezra it received an importance altogether unprecedented."

A wooden tower, or platform, had been erected in the open square south of the Temple, known by the name of Ophel; and on the first day of the seventh month, in the early dawn, the people gathered spontaneously, not to offer sacrifice, but to receive instruction. All classes were present—young and old, rulers and people. Even the women came forth from the seclusion which Oriental custom imposes, to attend this rare occasion. No motive of mere curiosity can explain this assembling of the people together; there is the clearest indication that they thirsted for knowledge, that they were profoundly earnest to know "the law of Moses which the Lord had commanded to Israel." And when Ezra, followed by his attendants, ascended the platform and unrolled the parchment, and then paused for a moment to return thanks and "bless the Lord, the great God," the entire multitude rose to their feet, their hands uplifted in supplication, and the deep murmur of their "Amen! Amen!" was followed by an impulsive and universal act of adoration which testified at once to their reverence and receptiveness: "They bowed their heads and worshipped the Lord with their faces to the ground." Then amid the hush of an audience painfully intent to catch every syllable, the voice of Ezra was heard reading in clear, distinct tones what had taken place in the remote beginning, "when the heavens and earth rose out of chaos." Like a panorama passed before them the drama of creation, the garden, the fall, the sorrow that followed sin, the first murder, the years before the flood. They saw the ark riding over a shoreless sea, and heard the confusion of tongues around the unfinished tower of Babel. They followed Abraham in his migration, as he rose at the call of God and went forth "not knowing whether he went." They traced the line of the patriarchs, and listened to the story of their ancestral bondage in Egypt, and of "the mighty and outstretched arm" which brought them forth. The Red Sea passage, the giving of the Law, the desert wanderings, the glory and the guilt of the nation, all passed in review before them as they sat from morning until midday; and when the old mother tongue became obscure, there were those at hand who could render it into the vernacular Chaldee and give the sense; and when Ezra grew weary, the attendant priests took up the scroll. Whatever was difficult was explained. Nor were the people permitted to give way to their emotions, except the joyful ones. The day was "holy," and grief was forbidden. The day was festive; and when the reading was over, all were required to eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.

III. The Lesson Explained.

1. All the people—from all parts of the province. The number is variously estimated at from fifteen to fifty thousand. As one man—Note the remarkable unanimity of these people in all their undertakings—building of the walls, etc. Into the street—R. V., "into the broad place."

Water gate—at the southeastern corner of the Temple enclosure, it is supposed. The open square or area in front of it was called Ophel. Spake unto Ezra the scribe—his first appearance in this book. Twelve or thirteen years before, he had led to Jerusalem the second caravan. It is highly probable that he had been absent in Persia, and had been giving attention to the study of the Scriptures, and had now followed Nehemiah into Judea to assist him in his reform. It should be noted that the invitation came from the people. Ezra did not convene them and

require them to listen. The book of the law—Smith says, "the whole body of sacred writings up to this time." Stanley understands by this only the Pentateuch and possibly Joshua: "It contained no single song of David, no single proverb of Solomon, no single prophecy of Isaiah or Jeremiah. It was the Law."

2. Ezra the scribe.—Being a descendant of Aaron, he was a priest as well as a scribe. All that could hear with understanding—not only adults of both sexes, but also the youth who were old enough to understand. The first day of the seventh month—Tishri, the Sabbath month, the first of the civil year, and the seventh of the ecclesiastical year. The calendar was so arranged that its first day fell on a Sabbath; and this, the civil New Year's day, was ushered in by the blowing of trumpets, and was called the Feast of Trumpets. On the 10th of this month occurred the Day of Atonement, and from the 15th to the 22d the Feast of Tabernacles.

It should be remembered that every seventh year, like every seventh day, and seventh month, was regarded as holy; that during this seventh, or sabbatic, year the land was not to be tilled; leisure was to be used in devotional exercises. It was the year of release for debtors and slaves, and the public reading of the Law was enjoined at the feast of Tabernacles. The commandments were strictly observed.

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Review of the Week.**Tuesday, February 7.**

An anarchist outbreak in Barcelona.
The Sunburst statue in the Public Garden smeared with red paint by some vandals.
Senator Hill's motion to take up the Silver Purchase Bill; a bill defeated by a vote of 42 to 32; the day in the House spent in filibustering.
A wet track responsible for a collision on the O. C. H. E. at Laramie.
Large loss of life in Queensland by floods; part of Brisbane submerged.
The evergreen steamship "City of Peking" towed into San Francisco harbor with a broken shaft.

Three more heavy shocks at Zante; 85 houses destroyed and many lives lost.
Seven deputies and two ex-ministers arrested in Rome for alleged connection with the bank scandal.

Death, si Lukewood, N. J., of Prof. J. H. Worcester, Jr., of the chair of Theology, Union Seminary, New York.

Discussion in the British Parliament of Uganda and the agricultural distress in England.

Wednesday, February 8.

Boston and Chicago now connected by long-distance telephone—a distance of 1,300 miles.
Reported consolidation of the Old Colony and the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroads.

The bill abolishing Fast Day passes the Massachusetts House; April 19 submitted.

The daily paper produced at Holyoke, Mass., reported to be 250,000.

Frightful cold weather in Montana; thermometer drops to 63 degrees below zero.

Fifty deaths in five days of a cholera disease in Marselles.

The extradition treaty with Russia ratified by the Senate.

The Hawaiian question still under consideration.

The House of Commons votes confidence in the Gladstone government, 276 to 109.

The Robot cabinet's refusal to interfere directly in the matter of getting an extension of the Panama Canal concession, sustained by the Chamber of Deputies, 374 to 31.

The city of Brisbane, Queensland, in darkness; the water 30 feet deep in the principal streets; 500 houses demolished.

W. V. Altes, Populist, elected U. S. senator by the Nebraska legislature.

Thursday, February 9.

The New Haven road to take possession of the Old Colony, July 1 (the real union to begin Jan. 1), if both parties agree.

Another earthquake at Zante; the King and Queen of Greece attending personally to the wants of the sufferers.

The British steamer "Trinacria" lost; 37 of the crew drowned.

Four thousand persons in Northern Louisiana reported to be on the verge of starvation. A relief list started with \$5,000 by the New Orleans Board of Trade.

Raphael Keane, the Roman Catholic prelate, rector of the Catholic University in Washington, and President G. S. Hall, of Clark University, address the Unitarian Club in this city.

Fast day retained; the House defeats the bill to abolish it; April 19 made a legal holiday in this State, however.

The National Senate passes a bill appropriating \$50,000 for the erection of an equestrian statue of Gen. John Stark, of New Hampshire.

Official council at Washington; Vice President at Washington; joint convention of the two houses of Congress.

Friday, February 10.

The county insane asylum near Dover, N. H., burned to the ground; of the inmates but four escape.

A United States protectorate established in Hawaii by our minister; Great Britain recognizes the provisional government.

The total damage of the flood at Brisbane estimated at \$15,000,000.

Mr. Ann P. Potter, ex-president of the Maverick Bank, found guilty on fifteen counts of the indictment against him.

No holiday April 19, after all.

The Panama prisoners sentenced; Ferdinand de Lesseps and his son Charles de Lesseps, five years' imprisonment and a fine of \$3,000 francs each; Fontaine, Cotté, and Kifel, two years' imprisonment, and a fine of 3,000 francs for each of the first two and 20,000 francs for the last; M. Kouvier escapes.

A general closing-up of gambling dens and policy shops in this city by the police.

Silver repeal doomed for this session; the measure defeated in the House; the Legislative Appropriation bill passed.

The bricklayers of this city successful in their negotiations with the masons for an eight-hour work day.

Saturday, February 11.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright confirmed, for the third time, as Commissioner of Labor.

Twelve Illinois ex-officials to be tried for pocketing interest in the public funds.

Members of the Economic Society near Pittsburgh ask for a receiver, and the State of Pennsylvania brings suit to escheat the property.

The Senate investigating committee on the Homestead riot demands the employment of the Pinkertons, because such employment unduly influences the passions of the strikers.

The Invalid Pension appropriation bill, representing over \$16,000,000, discussed by the House.

An insane woman supposed to have started the blaze in the Dover Asylum; 41 inmates perished.

The American girls' college at Marsovan, Turkey, burned by a Moslem mob.

An exciting tilt between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons.

Twelve new cases of the tubercular complaint in Marselles.

The Hawaiian envoy holds two conferences with the Secretary of State, and arranges for an interview with the President.

A revelation of feeling in Paris in favor of Count de Lesseps.

Sunday, February 12.

Death of Dr. Nevins Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Eight quarry men killed and several injured by the falling of stones at the Sheldon marble quarry, West Holland, Vt.

Three persons drowned while skating on the Mystic, in Charlestown.

The Car-cooper bill passes the Senate.

Judge Walter Q. Gresham said to have been selected for Secretary of State the coming cabinet.

The Allan line steamer "Pomeranian" swept by a huge wave. The captain killed, and eleven persons drowned.

The Cushman Telephone Company organized—a rival to the Bell Company.

The Paine's Brooks monument fund reaches \$45,000; Tracy's contribution yesterday, \$15,515.67.

Insurgents in Nashville start four big fires within twelve hours, causing heavy losses.

The Ohio River rises to danger mark at Cincinnati; other places, too, in peril.

A TIMELY HINT.

This is the time of the year when it is really cheaper to buy furniture than to do without it. This is the dull month of the furniture trade, as is clearly evidenced by such bargains as the China Closet at only \$22, shown in another column by Paine's Furniture Company, 48 Canal Street.

THE CONFERENCES.

(Continued from Page 5.)

board recently voted to give them the use of the church for services on Sunday afternoon. The offer was very graciously accepted, and Rev. Herman Young, pastor of our Swedish Church in Brockton, is conducting services every Sunday afternoon. These services are well attended, and the interest is good. Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, Mr. Richard W. Cone, of Boston, gave a reading for the Ladies' Society. Mr. Cone completely won his audience, and would be warmly welcomed to Holbrook again. The treasury of the society shows a handsome increase as the result of this entertainment.

North Easton.—Last Sunday was a good day for the church. One infant and 4 adults were baptized, 6 were received from probation, and 2 on probation. The pastor, Rev. A. B. Williams, is encouraged by the increased spirituality among the people. J.

New Bedford District.

Plymouth.—Feb. 5, I was received into the church by letter and on probation. The evening Rev. J. B. Hamilton, D. D., delivered his lecture on "The Heroism of the Parsonage," and the collection for worn-out preachers was taken.

Portuguese Mission.—Two have been received on probation and one into full connection at New Bedford during the past month. Bro. Nind goes to Providence every Wednesday and holds a public service in the evening at one of our churches.

Provincetown.—Centre and Centenary churches are holding union services. A very tender spirit pervades the meetings, and much conviction is manifest. Permanent beneficial results are confidently expected.

Somersfield Church, Fall River.—During the past three years the value of the church property has increased \$3,000. This has been done by the payment of its debt, the erection of a parsonage, and increase of parsonage furniture. Current expenses for the present year are provided for, with a little surplus, and the church is in a prosperous condition.

Peacock.—A new industry has been established in this place, on a large scale, for the manufacture of electrical instruments and machines. The owners and managers are mostly members of our church, and have reported for service. This brings the new church enterprise into nearer view. With the vigorous men at present at the front, like Brothers Elsworth, Foote, Couch, Bean, and the whole slate now found at the fourth quarterly conference, it ought not to be long delayed. They will not always remain. "There is a tide in the affairs" of churches, as well as of men, "when, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The other side of the thought all know. Bro. Bartlett is watching the "tide." A wise discernment of times is important in church work.

Jefferson.—The church and parsonage property has been greatly improved during the last few years. At the last quarterly conference the treasurer of the trustees, Bro. N. R. Perkins, who looks after this masterly detail, has recently held. Over fifty expressed a purpose to live for God. Many of these are members of the Sunday-school who were led to Christ at the Sunday-school prayer-meeting. Quite a number of converts were drawn to the services by the singing of the evangelist, Rev. John Graham, and already some have united with those churches, and others will doubtless do so. I.

Vermont Conference.

St. Johnsbury District.

It is earnestly hoped that all the Methodist churches on St. Johnsbury District will observe Easter Sabbath as children's mission day. Dear brethren, let us not forget to take all the benevolent collections. Make such as large as you can!

North Danville.—Is showing signs of life again. Rev. R. C. Vail was sent last May to resurrect the M. E. Church in this place, which had been dead and buried for over five years. He organized a small church out of the few scattering members he found, and commenced holding meetings in the old church.

He reported at the quarterly conference, Monday, Feb. 6, twenty church members, a Sunday-school of about forty members in good working order, and that 20 souls had come to the altar for prayers.

J. HAMILTON.

St. Albans District.

Shelton.—Bro. Riggs is closing his fifth year with steady progress in revival work. Four ministers and two lady evangelists have come out of the list of converts during his administration. He feels happy to think others will take up the work when he lays it down. So does the Lord abundantly bless the hearts of His laborers.

Fairfax.—The last quarterly conference determined on thorough repairs of the church building. At least \$3,000 will be expended in remodeling and enlarging the edifice. Bro. Brigham knows where the Lord's money is, and is rapidly getting subscriptions. Mr. Guernsey, of Montpelier, is the architect.

Elmore.—Rev. G. W. Pierce, evangelist, gave a powerful discourse at the church Judge Kelly went to Hyde Park recently, to attend the wedding of his granddaughters.

Cambridge.—The revival meetings closed after three weeks' continuance. Much good had been accomplished.

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old. She was treated to chicken pie, for which the chickens were killed and dressed, and the pie made and baked by the old lady's hands. Sister Rhode Stearns, widow of Abel Stearns, will be one hundred years old in April next, and is still smart. Two years ago she attended church and class-meeting on the Sabbath, and gave clear testimony to her Christian experience. She can hold her own in debate with any one on the truth of religion.

Georgia.—A short time since Capt. Kinney, of the Salvation Army, with a family and a few friends, conducted a service in the Methodist Church. It was strange to the people to worship the Lord with drums and tambourines. Another meeting was held by them in the Congregational school-house. Let the pastor be in debate with any one on the truth of religion.

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